BARGAINS.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

He pressed a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through;
Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match the fiery blue;
And where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met.

"Will you surrender now," he said, "th ancient grudge you keep
Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep!"
"I thank you for the word," she said, "your gems are fair of form,
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm!

"There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl beneath the wave,
There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave,
There is nor fate nor empire in the wide infinity,
Can stand in grace in virtue with the gift you had for me."

TESSA.

CHAPTER XII.

"Poor little Tessa! Poor little girl! Oh, I had only known!" he thought There was a flash of righteous anger in his eyes as he looked back at Austen.

"And you let her go," he said slowly, but with a withering contempt in his voice which sent the blood rushing into Austen's face—"you thought this, and you let her go, and never raised a finger to save from certain ruin and shame the woman you professed to love? Why, if I had been you"—and his sallow face flushed and his eyes grew bright and angry—"I would have gone after her to the very end of the world—I would have put a bullet through the scroundrel who tempted her away, and I would have saved her—in spite of herself—of all!" With an uncontrolled excitement he sprang from his chair walked up and down the room, flashing angry glances at Austen's white suffering face. "I would to heaven that you had been right—that she loved me, poor little girl," he cried passionately.

Austen listened, but he scarcely heard the words. Another voice—other words, forgotten till now, rang in his ears and drowned Noel's passionate words.

"Some day you will remember that you would not listen," Tessa had said calmly. He could remember the very tone of her voice—see her sad eyes looking back as she lingered by the doorway.

Noel, a little ashamed of his excitement, came back to his chair again and resumed his pipe; he looked furtively at Austen between the sharp, quick pulls of smoke.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't know where she is?" he asked.

"No." Austen shook his head.

Cleveland hesitated a moment.

"You don't deserve it. but I think I may possibly help you to find out," he said after a short silence. "Are you aware that a few days before your mother's death your brother Antony was at the Hall?"

"Antony! Impossible!"—and Antony looked up with a startled exclamation.

"Quite possible?" answered Noel with a short laugh. "I ought to know for I was the means of bringing him there. It seems that your mother had an intense desire to see him again—a desire which she knew that neither you nor Mrs. Callender would be likely to gratify; and so Tessa—she was always a tender-hearted little soul, bless her!—came to me and asked me to find out his address. I did so, not without some trouble; and I know the fact," Noel went on, looking steadfastly into Austen's anxious face, "that Antony was once, if not twice, at the Hall unknown to you about the time of Mrs. Bevan's death."

"And you think that Tessa is with him now?" There was a new light, a radiant flush on Austen's face.

"I think it is probable enough; or at all events he may know where she is. I can give you his address if you care to inquire." Noel could not resist the sneer. "Indeed I got Antony a berth in the office of a friend of mine—a lawyer in Gray's Inn." He turned over the pages of his pocket book until he found the address. "Yes, here it is."

He scribbled a few lines of a card and gave it to Austen; but he did not wish him God-speed, and he turned impatiently away as the other thanked him eagerly.

"Thank you, and forgive me!" Austen said huskily, as he turned toward the door; and Noel laughed oddly.

"I will forgive you when Tessa does," he said.

He went back to his chair and look up his pipe and book again as the door closed behind the visitor; but the book soon dropped unheeded from his hand, and the pipe went out as he lay back in his chair and meditated over the past interview and Austen's late repentance. How would the quest end? he wondered. Would Tessa forgive Austen? What sin was there too great for a woman to forgive in the man she loved? But yet Tessa was scarcely one of the tender all-forgiving order of womanhood, he thought, with a half-smile. She was rather one who would passionately resent injustice and harshness. And if she would not forgive Austen—well, there might be a chance for some one else. Noel's lips curved into a tender smile as he fancied what that might mean to him. How good he would be to her! he thought.

And so he lay back in his chair and indulged just for a brief half-hour in a blissful dream of the happy future and the perfect life which—alas for poor Noel!—was never to dawn for him.

* * * *

Antony was much surprised one morning when Austen walked into the dingy little office in Gray's Inn where, by Cleveland's recommendation, he was employed as copying clerk. He bent lower over his desk, which was at the farther end of the room, and turned his face away, and listened eagerly as the familiar voice asked to see the principal of the firm. But he was still more astonished by-and-by to be called into the inner room where Austen was waiting for him. He had said once that he would never stoop to ask or receive a favor from his brother; but now the cases were reversed, and Austen had come to ask a favor from Antony—the elder brother to seek help and advice from the prodigal son; and Antony could afford to be generous and accept the hand of reconciliation which Austen so eagerly profered.

"Yes, you are right, Tessa is with us," he said in answer to Austen's question. "She came to me just after my mother's death, and she has been like an angel in the house ever since. We were at very low water just then: for my wife was ill and obliged to give up her engagements at the theatre; and, as you may fancy"—and he smiled bitterly—"my salary here is not a very magnificent one. I don't know what we should have done without Tessa; and now I suppose you have come to take her away?"

"If she will let me," Austen said doubtfully.

His heart was beating painfully as at last he stood before the door of the little house where Antony and his wife had set up their household goods; it beat still more violently as the little maid took him up the narrow staircase and, opening a door, ushered him in with the brief announcement, "A gentleman, please, miss!" He heard the door close behind him—felt rather than saw Tessa rise from her seat by the window.

The room was very dingy, but neat and clean enough. Two little children were playing on the rug before the fire; a canary was singing loudly, and its shrill voice blended with Tessa's cry of surprise as she started to her feet and looked at the new-comer. The color surged into her face, her lips trembled. She made one step forward; then, with a little proud gesture, drew herself up to her full hight, and stood looking at Austen with grave questioning eyes.

Hurriedly he crossed the floor to her side, and took the unwilling little hands in his tight clasp.

"Tessa, will you forgive me? I know what a fool I have been!" he in a low pained voice.

Tessa drew her hands gently away.

"Yes—I forgave long ago," she answered coldly.

"And you will make your forgiveness complete? You will come back to me again—let everything be as it was before?" Austen pleaded.

Tessa shook her head, and the eyes which looked up into Austen's face were full of a great sadness.

"I think that could scarcely be," she answered, speaking very slowly and quietly. "One cannot so easily take up the broken threads of one's life and weave them into a perfect whole again. I was a child then, and I had a child's perfect trust in your love and justice; but I am a woman now, and I know."

Austen's heart sank low. This cold calmness was so different from Tessa's old impetuosity; but still he persevered.

"I was mad, Tessa!" he said humbly. "I loved you so dearly, and I was mad with love and jealousy! Can't you forgive me, sweet? Or are you indeed changed so completely? The old Tessa would never have been so unforgiving and hard! Can't you forgive?"

Tessa gave a quick passionate sob.

"Ah, that is the worst of it, Austen!" she said sadly. "I am changed—terribly changed! I think the old Tessa whom you used to love died that day when you told her to go. But she can never come back again, my dear. I forgive—oh, yes, with all my heart I forgive—but I cannot forget—I can never be my old self again!"

"You forgive, but you cannot forget? That is a half-hearted sort of forgiveness, sweet!" Austen's hopes rose at the sight of the tearful agitated face. Once more he took the trembling hands within his own. "Let me teach you to forget; no pupil should ever have a more patient, more zealous master than I will be, Tessa, if you will let me try."

"I think it would be better not to try," she faltered. "It might only be a failure again. And I am happy here; they love me, and I am of use to them in many ways; and here no one thinks it is wicked to laugh and be gay—to dance and sing; there are no chilling looks, cold words! Oh, I think I had better stay! There are the children too—I could not bear to part from them now."

"I will not part you from them, Tessa. Antony's place in the bank is open to him—I have just told him so," Austen answered earnestly.

"Have you seen him?" Tessa looked up quickly. "You are reconciled then?" she went on.

"Yes, we have just parted; he sent me here."

"I am so glad! And, Austen"—Tessa hesitated and colored—"you will try to like Milly, will you not? She is not very refined perhaps: but she is very kind, and she has been, oh, so good to me!"

"I will like her for that reason alone," Austen declared. "And, Tessa"—he put his hands upon the girl's shoulders and looked down searchingly into her troubled eyes—"Antony and I are friends again. Will you be less forgiving, sweetheart? Will you not forget my cruelty and injustice, and come back with me?"

But still Tessa hesitated. Her face was very pale and troubled, and there was great unshed tears in the eyes which she raised to Austen's face.

"Oh, what can I say!" she said piteously. "It is so hard to refuse you; and yet they want me so badly here."

"But I want you too, my Tessa," Austen pleaded tenderly. "Antony has his wife and children, and I have no one. I want you most of all. Will you not come, sweet?"

"I will come, since you want me so much—I will come!" she cried; and Austen bent and kissed the sweet pale face.

* * * *

So Tessa came back to the Hall again—came back to be, as of old, the brightness and sunshine of Austen's life. Yet not quite as of old either. The gay light-hearted Tessa, whose trust and faith in her lover had once been so boundless, had vanished, and in her place was a sadder, wiser woman, who had suffered wrong and injustice, and learnt doubt and mistrust from both.

Mrs. Callender, who removed from the Hall after her brother's marriage, to a house nearer the town, much approves of the change in Tessa; and Austen, even while he grieves over the loss of the old bright gaiety, loves better still the sweet seriousness which has come in its stead. Only sometimes, as he watches his wife romping in the garden with her children, he fancies that he catches a glimpse of the old light-hearted Tessa.

Some one else looks on and watches as well as Austen. The old intimacy between the Priory and the Hall has been resumed; and in the rooms where the poor mad lady moaned over her lost child the voices of Tessa's children make sweet music in the ears of the man whose life, though lonely, is far from being unhappy. Noel was always patient and unselfish, and, seeing Tessa happy and contented, he is, after a fashion, happy too.

THE END.

The Word "Dollar."

Our word dollar dates back to 1785, when a resolution was passed by congress which provided that it should be the unit of moneys in the United States. Another resolution was passed in 1785, August 5, providing that it should weigh 375.64 grains of pure silver. The mint was established in 1791, and then required to coin silver dollars containing 371.25 grains pure silver. This was due to the efforts of Alexande Hamilton. No dollars were coined until 1794, and then irregular. They are now worth $100 each. In 1794 the coinage of regular dollars began. Our coin was an adaptation of the Spanish milled dollar, a coin very popular wherever the Spaniards traveled. The coin was called "piastre," meaning a flat piece of metal; it is synonymous with plaster. It is supposed that the Spaniards took the German "thaler" and called it by the name of "piaster." The word dollar is entered in Bailey's English dictionary in 1745, and was used repeatedly by Shakespeare at the beginning of the seventeenth century, especially in "Macbeth" ii: 2, 62: "Till she disbursed * * * $10,000 to our general use." (See also the "Tempest," ii: 1, 17.)

The question where Shakspere found the word dollar is answered by the fact that the Hanseatic towns maintained a great establisment called the Steel Yard in London. The Steel Yard merchants were mostly North Germans, who would call the German thaler as it was spelled dah-ler." The same merchants originated the word sterling, an abbreviation of the "esterling." As the Hanseatic trade was particularly brisk on the Baltic and in Russia the standard coins of the Hanse merchants were called esterlings, and sterling came to mean something genuine and desirable. The word dollar is the English for thaler, the first of which was coined about 1485, and corresponds quite closely to our present American silver dollars. The word thaler means coming from a dale or valley, the first dollar having been coined in a Bohemian valley called Joachimsthal. It was under Charles V., emperor of Germany, king of Spain and lord of Spanish America, that the German thaler became the coin of the world.—The Financier.

They Lost a Fortune.

There are two little girls in Toccoa, Ga., who are related, on their father's side, to ex-Gov. Fenton of New York; ex-President Grover Cleveland, Gov. Hill, Mr. Fargo, of Wells, Fargo & Co. of Chicago, and, on their mother's side, to ex-President Jefferson Davis. They can trace their Holland ancestry back to a wealthy nobleman named Wieber. He left a will which bequeathed $60,000,000 to be held in trust 200 years, and then to be divided among his descendants who should, at the expiration of that time, be living, and, in addition, plate and jewels valued at $16,000,000 to be likewise divided in the same way. Ten years were, by the terms of the will, to be added to the 200, during which time the heirs were to be hunted up and, if they were found, the vast sum, plate and jewels, were to be equally divided between them. If all could not be found, this great wealth was to go to the crown of Holland. It so happened that one of the heirs was a captain and he could not be found, though most diligent and anxious seach was made for him. Ten years flew swiftly by and brought no tidings of the lost captain, though he was the necessary link in the chain that connected the heirs to the great treasure. He was never found and so the treasure was turned over to Holland's king and queen and these little Toccoa ladies will never get their share.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Somewhat Rattled by a Bad Horse Trade.

Jones bought a mare from a farmer who recommended the animal as gentle, alleging that Jones' wife, for whom the mare was bought, would have no difficulty in driving her. Nevertheless, the first time Mrs. Jones tried to drive the animal it ran away with the buggy and almost broke the fair driver's neck. Jones, in a furious mood, hunted up the farmer and said angrily:

"What do you mean by selling me that vicious brute? You told me my wife could drive her, but as soon as she was in the buggy she shied, and taking the bit between her teeth, she——"

"What! your wife?"

"No; that wretched crow-bait of a mare with which you have swindled me. She wouldn't be held in, but just reared up——"

"Your wife reared up?"

"No, the mare, you fool. She nearly killed my wife. She kicked up with her hind legs——"

"You don't mean to say your wife kicked?"

"No; the wretched mare. My poor wife is half dead with fright and anxiety. She hasn't eaten a bite since yesterday, but lies on the sofa with her eyes shut, moaning and crying ——"

"The mare does that?"

"No; my wife. I have half a notion to murder you. We have to give her a teaspoonful of brandy every half hour."

"The mare?"

No; my wife, donkey. This beast that you have sold me should be killed. She is liable to run away at any moment, first chance she gets."

"You mean your wife?"

"No, your darned old mare. I want my money back."

"Why didn't you say you wanted the mare for your wife? You merely said you wanted the animal for a lady. I thought perhaps you wanted something for your mother-in-law to drive."

"Now I see how I can make some money out of that brute."

"Out of your mother-in-law?"

"No, the mare. I'll tell a newspaper reporter about the mare running away, but say that, instead of my wife, it was my mother-in-law who was driving. The married men of my acquaintance will pay any price for her. So you see it's all right. Good morning."—Texas Siftings.

Points About Canaries.

"Can't you tell me of some antidote that I can give my canary?" asked a lady the other day of the proprietor of a Ninth street bird store. "I'm afraid it's growing blind, though I can't imagine what is the cause."

"How old is your bird?" was the man's questioning reply.

"I've had it eighteen years—ever since I was a very little girl," she added, blushing.

"Well, then the cause is easily found," came from the smiling man. "Your canary's blindness is due to old age. It's on it's way to the grave, and nothing can now restore it's sight.

"When birds live to a good old age, twenty years or twenty-five, or sometimes thirty, their sight often fades, and total eclipse settles down upon them. It is just as impossible to restore a bird's vision at such a stage as to prevent an old man's locks from turning gray.

"There is, however, a species of blindness that is liable to victimize songsters of all feather and all ages. This is of comparatively rare occurrence, and it is doubtless sometimes due to a cold which the bird has caught while hanging in a draught. Then cheap bird foods containing opium are very injurious to a canary's health.

"I believe, moreover, that a brass or painted cage is not the best thing in which to house one's lemon-colored troubadour. The bird's continual pecking at the wires must result in a considerable amount of paint or lacquer finding its way into its maw, and this surely cannot be wholesome. Besides, in the case of brass cages, after the lacquer is nibbled away, verdigris accumulates on the wires, and this poison must have a baleful effect on the yellow peckers within, acting as a prolific source of sightlessness."—Philadelphia Record.

The Working Man's Coffee House.

A large building on East 23d street, New York, has been fitted up as a resort for laboring men, where coffee is substituted for beer or stronger beverages. There is a large and cheerful reading-room well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and certain games are allowed. Wholesome food is provided at a very low rate. The intention is to counteract in this way the malign influence of saloons, where the working man is robbed alike of his money and reason. It is upon the wages of the hard working and poor that the thousands of saloons with which New York is cursed fatten their coffers. They make their places comfortable and attractive and thus allure their victims, and no better work in the interest of temperance and morality can be done than to offset these places with coffee houses like the one above described. They have been successful, we believe, wherever the experiment has been made, and we yet hope to see the good example generally followed.—Texas Siftings.

On His Last Legs.

Mrs. Talloan Hyde observes with horror that her new coachman just floated over, has on a pair of overalls. "Fotheringham," she says, "those overalls don't look very stylish; you'd better take them off." "Yes, me lady," says Hodge Fotheringham, "but Ah've nowst else annerneath 'em, me lady." They drive on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Only a Difference of $100,000,000.

It will cost $100,000,000 to put our sea coast in a state of defense against a foreign foe, while it won't cost us ten cents to mind our own business and keep out of a row with the rest of the world.—Free Press.

THE HEROINES OF TONKIN.

A Splendid Temple Dedicated to Two Girls Who Won Enduring Fame.

A little out of the city of Hanoi, in Tonkin, is a remarkably handsome pagoda in which live twenty women. They seldom leave their chosen home, and they subsist upon the contributions of visitors and upon some small revenues which the temple receives from the government. Some of them are young and pretty, and in intelligence and attainments they are all above the common people. They are recluses, and their mission is to perform the work of the temple and to keep a light constantly burning before the life-size statues of two young women whose patriotic heroism is thus honored, and the memory of their achievements and martyrdom for their country kept alive in the hearts of the people, though they lived nearly nineteen centuries ago. Their career greatly resembles that of Joan of Arc.

In the year 36 of the present era, Tonkin was suffering under the oppressive rule of China, who had driven her legitimate kings from the throne. Tonkin was a Chinese province, ruled by Chinese functionaries, and the people groaned under a heavy yoke. Two young sisters, of noble family, named Chin Se and Chin Eul, took advantage of the wide-spread discontent to stir up a revolt. Remarkable for their energy and bravery, and greatly admired for their bravery and splendid horsemanship, they placed themselves at the head of a volunteer army, and drove the foreigners pell-mell out of Tonkin. For a time Tonkin was her own master, the sisters were idolized, and the people received them with acclamations and gratitude.

The news traveled to Pekin of the disgrace two women had inflicted upon the Chinese arms, and the Emperor Koang Ti sent a great army under one of his most famous soldiers to teach Tonkin and her female generals a terrible lesson. When the army reached Tonkin the sisters and their warriors met the Chinese host on the frontier, and contested the ground step by step, performing prodigies of valor. The decisive battle finally took place on the outskirts of the capital. The Tonkinese at first had the best of the fight, but in the crisis of the battle some of their generals passed over to the enemy. This treason gave the victory to the Chinese. The two sisters fell from their horses pierced with spears as they were leading a last charge in the vain effort to check the Chinese advance.

The memory of their patriotism and feats of arms has been perpetuated in the costly temple. High walls surround it, and only those can enter who have a permit. Within are many carvings and paintings, done in the best style of Tonkinese art, depicting scenes in the brief but glorious career of the two sisters. A great couch is shown, which is supposed to be similar to that upon which the sisters sat when they gave audiences. Specimens of ancient weapons of warfare hang on the walls. There are life-sized paintings to represent the horses upon which the sisters rode, and one wall is entirely devoted to a painting of the two elephants which always marched at the head of the army of the heroines. The statues of the sisters stand upon bases of stone, and they are richly robed in silks. Before them burns a lamp, and the recluses of the temple are very careful to keep the flame constantly blazing.

People With Horns.

Human freaks in all imaginable shapes are well known to the frequenters of the dime museums. However, not one person in 1,000, perhaps in 10,000, knows that human beings with horns like an ox or a unicorn have frequently been exhibited in the cities of England and continental Europe during the past 500 years. The first of these rare specimens of the genus homo of whom an authentic written account has been preserved, one Piet Darnelo, was up before the town tribunal of Lisbon in 1306 on a charge of being an offspring of the devil. When born Piet had two horns grown from his head, one over his left ear about one and one-half inches in length, the other almost exactly in the centre of his forehead nearly three inches long. At first both were covered with a soft, downy fur like that on the new horns of animals of the deer species, but this soon cracked and peeled off, leaving horny excrescences which in the quaint language of the account "did much resemble the spurs of ye male barneyarde fowls." The horn near the ear was immovable from the first, being firmly attached to the skull. The larger one on the forehead seemed only in the skin, and could be pressed down until the point touched the nose without causing the owner the least apparent pain. At the age of three years the larger horn was removed. During that short time it had grown from less than three inches to nearly seven inches in length, and had given evidence of becoming permanently attached to the frontal bone.

Within the year following a soft tumor appeared over the right ear of little Piet, conforming in position almost exactly to that of the smaller permanent horn over the other ear, which had at this time attained a length of near five inches. From the tumor there sprang a horn which grew with alarming rapidity for three or four months, or until it had grown to be about the length of the one over the left ear.

Asking Too Much of the Girls.

If a girl were to attempt to follow all the secrets of health and beauty found in the ladies' columns of the magazines she would spend the entire night in bathing, brushing her hair, oiling her hands, donning old gloves and doing the host of other things recommended to be performed before retiring.

But It Doesn't Pay.

The old saying that a man who minds his own business will make money is not true. Charles Cochrane, a Canadian, has remained on his farm for fourteen straight years without leaving it, and has not spoken to a stranger in all that time, and yet he is poorer than when he began.

BURMESE OIL MILLS.

Primitive and Dangerous Method of Securing Petroleum.

Dr. Noetling, of the Indian Geological Survey, to whose report on the petroleum deposits of Burmah reference has already been made, gives an interesting description of the native method of digging the wells. As soon as a native has made up his mind where he is going to have a new well, the workmen, usually four in number, begin to dig a square shaft, the sides of which measure between 4 feet and 4 feet 6 inches. Over this pit a cross-beam, supported on stanchions at either side, is placed, in the centre of which is a small wooden drum or cylinder, which, with its axis, is made of a single piece of wood, the latter running on coarse fork-shaped supports. The leather rope used in hauling up the oil passes over the drum, and on it is fastened the workman who is going to be lowered down, as well as the common earthenware pot in which the oil is drawn up. If possible the well is so placed that the men or women drawing the rope walk down an inclined plane along the slope of a hill. The tools employed in digging are quite primitive and can only be used in soft strata. Timber is used to support the walls of the shaft, and the latter is lined with wood. This wooden wall has consideable strength, but is has to be carefully watched lest it should give way.

The workmen are lowered in an ingenious way. The man sits on two slings formed of strong rope running between his legs and knotted over his left shoulder. To prevent sliding, a thin rope runs down from the knot, across the breast, underneath the right shoulder to the back, where it is fastened to the rope forming the slings. A second rope for the same purpose is fastened around the hips. On account of the explosive gas filling the shaft no light can be taken down; the workman, therefore, ties up his eyes previously to descending so as to enable him to see during the short time he is in the well, otherwise it would take him longer to accustom his eyes to the darkness than he is able to stay down on account of the gas, which renders breathing difficult. The data obtained by Dr. Noetling as to th time occupied in the ascent and descent, and the period during which the laborer can remain below, show that not 25 per cent of the total working time is really spent in extracting the oil. Two hundred and ninety seconds is the longest time any man, however strong, can remain below without becoming unconscious, while in some he can only remain sixty seconds. With increasing depths the difficulties in obtaining the oil after the Burmese methods become insuperable. Hence the limit is 310 feet and the workers object to more than 250 feet. The drawing up of the oil is as primitive as everything else. The rope is fastened round the neck of the ball-shaped pot and, being lowered, is allowed to fill by sinking in the oil below. The oil thus raised is poured into another pot of the same shape, but much larger, and twelve of these are packed on each country cart.

Women Who Fight the Tiger.

Gambling among some of our fair women says a New York letter has become such a craze that in several instances they have had to sell their jewels in order to obtain money enough to pay their debts. Poker is their favorite game, and it has played sad havoc with many a dainty, well-stocked jewel casket. Two well-known society women, one young and the other rather advanced, have been especially unfortunate. A considerable difference in their appearance at the opera and whatever places they have been wont to flash their gems in will be noticeable. Both husbands have refused point blank to settle their wives' "debts of honor." At a big hotel on the sound, which, perhaps, has a scarcely enviable reputation, every evening during the summer was spent by married women and young girls in the rather dainty card-rooms, making a business of card-playing. At first the limit was kept at a low figure, just enough to make it interesting; but as the season passed and the women became more infatuated it was gradually allowed to become larger. Some of these devotees were mothers of large families, and needed rest after their winter's social and household duties, but they gambled with a reckless nervousness that is always observable in a woman at a poker-table. They frequently played until morning, and were a nervous, dragged-out set when the hotel closed its doors and they came back to town.

Likes Home Customs Best.

At the Isles of Shoals they tell the tale that a lecturer went thither to lecture to the assembled guests upon the character and characteristics of the Japanese, and in the course of his remarks he dwelt upon the two facts that the self-contained people do not use expletives, profanity being unknown in their land, and that equally are they ignorant of the goodly fashion of kissing. These statements had their due effect upon the audience, it being observed that the masculine portion of the hearers were the more impressed by the former statement and the feminine portion by the latter. As the audience was dispersing, with all the clatter of comment, gossip and banter which belongs to such a gathering, one young woman was overheard confiding to another her sentiments in a phrase which was at once most human, expressive and picturesque.

"As for me," she said, "give me a country where they kiss and cuss!"

It was felt that on the whole she might be regarded as having pretty well sized up the situation.

Do You Want a Job?

There are only five professional lion-tamers in this country, with over 200 lions to be kept tame and in a peaceful state of mind. The salary of a tamer is never less than $50 per week, and some of them get $100. It is a light and easy employment, no regular hours, and always brings free tickets with it.